

cushion or something which had been forgotten, and so we waited, and my pretty beggar saw us. He was very faithful to the exigencies of his pro-

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And he laughed all the time and looked at me with such gay confidence in my friendliness and ability to understand him that I was almost inclined to long not to understand the sort of smile that meant at least two or three miles. I am always willing to go along to the end of the world, but I do not like to go where I do not understand. I took a neat handful of sold-out out of my purse and bent over the side of the carriage. Half a dozen beggars were waiting to be paid, and the other, laughing into my bright, mellow dark eyes that laughed back at me, and when I put the money into his hand, he bowed and said, "Thank you, my friend." I could not remember that these were most professional beggars.

HEARD A BROTHER'S HEART.

It seemed as if Boy and the Socialist were five years old again and their lovely ring of hair were waving in the breeze, and I was a little boy again about heading for pennies. No little beggars could have been bolder or pryer or more assured than these two. I was not a little boy, but I was as childish as far as I was concerned, and they were always sure they would get their soulins. What man could resist them? I was not to that young era by to have seen a Signora Inglese take a little Roman beggar suddenly in her arms, hold him on her breast, and kiss him, and I thought that I would have seemed the most natural thing to do. These two did not often have so many soldi given them, but they were not so easily satisfied. They delighted and laughed to and gave such triumphant

little hops as they clamored:—
"Gracie, Gracie, Gracie, Gracie!" ("Thank you, lady, thank you, thank you.")
And then they took each other's hands and scampered across the square together. Of course I looked after them. I could not help it. And when they reached the corner near the Pantheon the "leading gentleman" had one of his pretty inspirations. He checked his run for a moment and wheeled round, still holding his companion's hand, and with a most graceful little smiling gesture he threw me a whole battery right of kisses, and his friend did the same.
"Oh, how pretty," said some one in the carriage.
"Oh, how nice!" the beggar could do that. Imagine a London crossing sweeper throwing one kisses when one gave him a brown shilling.
If I had been able to remain in Rome, as I had planned to do, I should have had the opportunity of knowing more of my fascinating little beggar.

SOLDIERO SIGNORA.

Soldi and smiles every day for a few weeks would certainly have made us quite intimate, and I could have talked to him quite freely because my companion, who is always with me, is an Italian young lady who speaks several languages, and can always explain what I wish when I am not fluent enough to explain it myself. We both of us feel on more intimate and friendly terms with Italian than with

I had intended to remain in Roma until after the Easter holidays, but I was so much enjoying beginning to feel very well and happy in those first beautiful sunshine and flower-flooded days of the early spring, that I decided to leave on the first of the morning which set me in a few hours upon my way to America, and two weeks from then my pretty little carriage was being driven by a groom, and I was walking into a bedroom in my house in Washington, where a boy with eyes as dark as his lay waiting for me.

But before that letter came I had seen my little beggar every day. Every time my carriage passed the door of the little house I saw him sitting there for his soldier in the most delightful spirit; every day he and his companion laughed and danced and sang to me, and I would wave my hand to them, and their hands, and every day I was rather tempted to coax the leading gentleman into my carriage and take him to the city, and I was often tempted to want also to take him to a grand confectioner's on the Corso and say to him, "You may have whatever you like, but I will give you this little beggar." I lost his little wits with wonder and delight, or if he would have been practical enough to fill his bright eyes with tears, I would have been glad enough to cast a slight glow over the remainder of his existence, after he had recovered from it.

My companion always used to say a few words to him for me when I gave him his widdie.

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making a little joke and he ought to smile at it as he did. I was not a little surprised when he wanted to commit himself for fear of saying the wrong thing to such excellent patrons. At any rate he smiled and looked up at us but he did not say a word and with his gayest air. A smile like his—as ready, and bright and soft and unprejudiced—was a fortune in itself. At least so was quite true to me. I do not know whether I have made a sketch of him which will make him seem real to those who read it. I do not know whether I have so far barely understood a few sentences of his language. There was some soft brightness in his mellow eyes and a certain softness in his voice. His beautiful face which somehow spoke to my heart, and I cannot help believing that he will not always be so kind to me. I have not seen him for the last little while to do when they are bigger, and that the magnanimity and cleverness which made him so kind to me will find a place for him as he used not to be ashamed to fill.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

PARADOXICAL.

"Your contributions to what is called Literature are wonderful in one respect," said Bibby.

"And that is what?" asked Scribbly.